

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THE WAR AGAINST TRUSTS.

Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, is one of the few Republican leaders that can read the signs of the times. He believes that "the greatest issue next year will be the fight against the trusts," and declares that "if the Republican party does not align itself on the side of the people and against these combinations it will be in danger of defeat."

Senator Chandler is right, but it is too late to talk about an "if" in connection with the Republican party. It would be as reasonable to discuss the possibility of opposition to the trusts on the part of the directors of the Standard Oil Company as on the part of the organization controlled by Hanna, Platt, Quay, Huntington and Reed. The Republican party is the absolute property of the trusts, bought, bound and delivered, and it could not oppose them if every man in it knew that political ruin was the absolutely certain alternative.

The Evening Journal yesterday published a list of ninety trusts with a capitalization of \$3,754,518,000. They covered the fields of coal, gas, oil, iron, steel, sugar, tobacco, telephones, liquors, electrical machinery, leather, biscuits, cornstarch, agricultural machinery, copper, beef, paper, chemicals, silverware, lead, knit goods, sashes and doors, typewriters, window glass, matches, ribbons, and a score of other things, including burial caskets. And new ones are forming every day.

There are only four States in the Union whose wealth can match that of the trusts in this list. Any State, aside from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, could be bought outright by these combinations of private capital.

THE NINETY TRUSTS IN THAT LIST, WHICH IS NOT COMPLETE, COULD BUY THE TEN STATES OF ARKANSAS, MISSISSIPPI, WEST VIRGINIA, SOUTH DAKOTA, NORTH DAKOTA, SOUTH CAROLINA, FLORIDA, NEW HAMPSHIRE, VERMONT AND DELAWARE COMBINED.

These aggregations have been almost entirely the growth of the past ten years, and the great bulk of them of the past three years.

IF THEY CAN BUY TEN STATES NOW HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE THEY WILL OWN THE WHOLE UNION, IF THEY ARE NOT CHECKED?

Has the Journal's declaration of war against the trusts come too soon?

A DEMOCRAT NEEDED.

The Democratic Club is in gloom because its invitations to its Jefferson dinner are not quoted at par among Democrats outside of New York, and are not scrambled for with any conspicuous eagerness even here. The Western and Southern Democrats say that they do not care to sit at a Jefferson dinner presided over by Mr. Perry Belmont. They do not think that Jefferson would be particularly honored by such a tribute to his memory. They do not know Mr. Belmont as a Democrat. They remember a gentleman of that name as the presiding officer at an anti-Democratic meeting in Madison Square Garden in the last Presidential campaign, and as the agent of the Rothschilds in the Cleveland bond deals. If that is the Mr. Belmont who is to preside at the club dinner they do not want him.

Even the gold Democrats object to Mr. Belmont, because, after taking an active part in the defeat of the national Democratic ticket in 1896, he failed to state his position on the financial question in the last Congressional campaign.

There are plenty of real Democrats in the Democratic Club, and it would seem to be a good idea for them to put forward one of their number as their representative. A trust Democrat, a corporation Democrat, a Democrat who values party standing only as a means of betraying the cause of Democracy to its enemies, is hardly the sort of head that can be expected to win confidence for a Democratic organization.

EAGAN AND HIS BETTERS.

Brigadier General Eagan, who was rewarded by President McKinley for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman by being relieved from duty for six years on full pay, will shortly leave for Honolulu on a pleasure jaunt. During his absence his salary of \$5,500 a year will continue.

What a striking contrast to the treatment the Government accords some of its most faithful and efficient officers in the navy. When Captain Clark, of the Oregon, worn out with his exacting labors, secured a shore leave, his salary was reduced to \$2,700, just \$50 less than half the amount Eagan receives for disgracing his uniform.

When Dewey fought the battle of Manila Bay he was a commodore, and his salary was \$5,000 a year—\$500 less than Eagan earned by his blackguardism.

THE COMEDY AT CHICAGO.

The members of the court of inquiry are visiting the Chicago packing houses, tasting canned beef, questioning the beef magnates, and doing a lot of other foolish things with a gravity befitting their dignified station. What possible bearing this can have upon the proved fact that poisonous beef was sold to the Government and fed to the soldiers is a secret known only to the members of this remarkable court.

General Miles has charged that much of the beef furnished to the army was a vile, stringy, disgusting mass that could not be eaten. This applied not only to the canned beef, but to the refrigerated beef, some of which had to be buried to prevent contagion. Dozens of reputable witnesses have confirmed General Miles' statement. Thousands of private soldiers would give similar testimony if granted an opportunity to be heard.

It is the duty of the court of inquiry to secure this irrefutable evidence instead of mousing about the stock yards of Chicago in a ridiculous quest for some rascally beef contractor who will confess that he sold rotten meat to the Government.

If the court is in earnest about probing into the secrets of the packing houses let Thomas Dolan, a former employe of the Armours, be called. He has told the truth in the Journal about the killing and sale of condemned and diseased cattle, and he will repeat it before the court of inquiry.

CLOSE THE SUICIDE TRAP.

McGurk is the keeper of a dive on the Bowery, the most notorious resort of its kind in the city. Many dissolute women gather there. Three of these unfortunate creatures have committed suicide within the shadow of this place during the past week. They were mere girls in years, but old in wretchedness, and weary with the burden of their depraved lives.

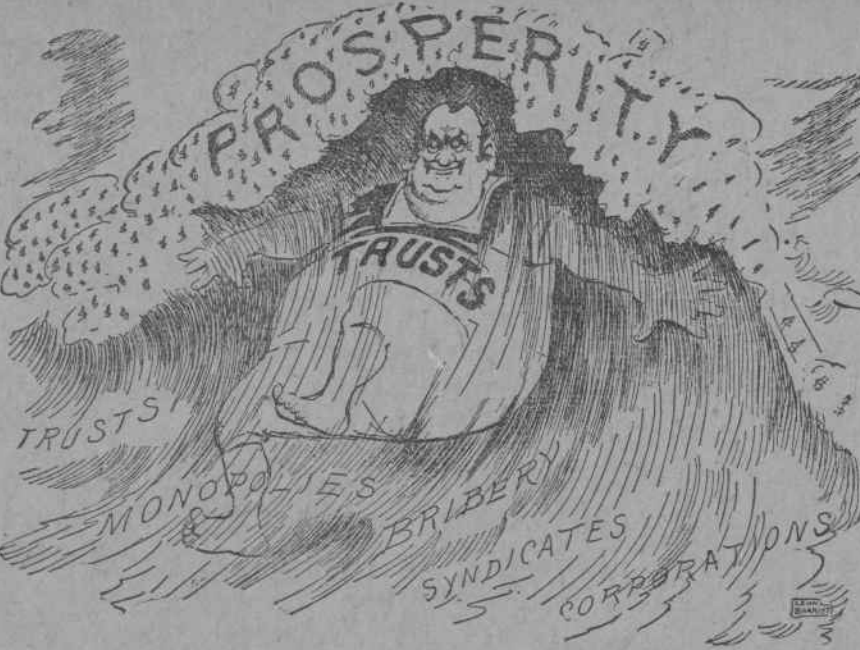
These pitiful tragedies mean nothing to McGurk. They serve to advertise his dive. He could not prosper without the patronage of the women of the street. No doubt he will contend that it is not his fault if they will wander from the warmth of his resort into the cold streets and kill themselves.

For years McGurk has never been disturbed by the police. His dive has enjoyed special immunity. Although nightly crowded with the vicious and depraved of both sexes no effort has been made to close it until recent exposures by the press. The arrest of McGurk's brother should be followed by the prosecution of the proprietor.

Other resorts no worse than McGurk's have been raided by the police. Why should not this plague spot be wiped out at once?

NO MORE PRIVILEGES FOR PUGILISTS.

Assemblyman Bulkeley has offered a bill to amend the Penal Code so as to permit boxing exhibitions to be given in Madison Square Garden, Grand Central Palace, and similar places in New York City. The Horton law confines such exhibi-



COMING IN ON THE WAVE OF PROSPERITY.

tions to the club houses of regularly incorporated athletic associations.

This concession in the interest of clean sport has been abused by the disreputable managers of clubs and the dishonest backers of prize fighters. Under the protection of the law they have encouraged "fake" contests, and robbed the public. Limited boxing matches resulted in knock-outs that are permitted in only one other State—Nevada.

Assemblyman Bulkeley's bill is intended to give the promoters of prize fights the right to invade theatres and public gardens, and thus widen their field of profit. It is a measure for the encouragement of lawlessness and for the reward of the most idle and unworthy class of our citizens. It should be promptly defeated.

A TIMELY CATECHISM.
Why are the people having all this trouble about Amsterdam avenue?

Because the street railroad corporations have interests adverse to those of the public.

How can those hostile interests be overcome?

By eliminating them. How can they be eliminated?

By the "PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES."

PAID FOR IN ADVANCE.

The Republican National Committee, alarmed over the prospect of the Delaware Legislature adjourning without electing a Senator, has appealed to the Republicans of that body to cease their bickerings, get together, and choose a successor to Senator Gray. As this prayerful suggestion takes no account of "Gas" Addicks, it will necessarily fail to accomplish anything.

Addicks has one ambition in life—to represent Delaware in the United States Senate. To that end he has spent his money like a tipsy sailor to carry the State in national elections and to secure a Republican Legislature. While his party cheerfully accepts his political contributions, it does not support his Senatorial aspirations with any great degree of unanimity. On two occasions he has been within reach of the Senatorship, when some obstinate Republicans have refused to vote for him.

And so it is that the Delaware Legislature is deadlocked, and likely to remain so. "Gas" Addicks has bought the Senatorship, and if his party will not deliver the goods to him no other Republican can have the coveted honor.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT has decided to abandon the use of canned roast beef as an army ration. If the court of inquiry wants any stronger proof that there was something wrong with the beef furnished the soldiers during the Cuban campaign it will find it in the testimony of the men who suffered the pangs of starvation rather than eat the nauseating stuff.

A Warning to Democrats.

If Democracy is not careful of its laurels, the advanced men in the Republican party will steal them before 1900. Men like Attorney-General Monnett, of this State; Pingree, of Michigan; and Congressman Johnston, of Indiana, are striking the keynotes which warning Democrats do not dare pitch their tune upon; and in this city, Robert E. McKim has joined issue with Farley and Ferguson on the great principle that there should not be double ownership in the streets and that the people themselves should own and operate their public utilities. These are broad principles which Democrats of whatever affiliation and former condition of servitude are rallying to. It is the platform of the New York Journal, of Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, of Mayor Taggart, of Indianapolis, and of others the country over. It is a platform which cannot be dented. It is founded in principle which if temporarily eclipsed will rise again. The more the common man thinks of it the better he will think of it.

The Journal and the Poison Case.

The New York Journal, with its customary fearlessness, was the first paper to announce that the police were looking for Roland B. Molineux, and called down on itself the wrath of all the papers on that account. The Police Department and the District Attorney's Office indignantly denied that this son of a grand old gentleman was wanted.

In this city, however, are gentlemen who have intimates enjoying membership in the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, and they indulged what the Journal said even when the other big New York dailies were denying the Molineux story.

Would Make an Ideal Candidate.

Admiral Dewey says he is too old to learn how to be President, and has no political associations anyway. Dewey couldn't make a stronger argument to show he would make an ideal candidate for the people.

THE VAMPIRE

(From a woman's point of view. With apologies to Richard Kipling.)

A woman there was who heard a prayer,
(Even as you and I)
From flesh and bones and a lock of hair
(He called her the woman beyond compare,
But he only used her to lighten his care,
(Even as you and I)

Oh, the walks we had and the talks we had,
And the best of our heart and hand
Were sought by the man who pretended to care,
He didn't—but why he pretended to care
We cannot understand.

A woman received the flowers he sent,
(Even as you and I)
Honor and faith she thought his intent,
(But God only knows what the gentleman meant),
Yet a man must follow his natural bent,
(Even as you and I)

Oh, the vows we spoke and the vows we broke,
And the various things we planned
Belong to the man who said he was true
(But now we know that he never was true)
And we cannot understand.

One favor she asked—but it was denied,
(Even as you and I)
In some way—or other he might have replied,
(But it isn't on record the gentleman tried),
Her faith in him faltered and finally died,
(Even as you and I)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame,
That stings like a white hot brand,
It's coming to know he would never say why,
Seeing at last she could never know why,
And never could understand.

—MARY C. LOW, in the March Bookman.

Dolan, Armour's Right-Hand Man.

"Dun" Dolan, who has long been Armour's favorite and right-hand man as "killer" and superintendent of killing in the Chicago stock yards, has a long statement in the New York Journal, in which he says the carcasses of condemned cattle, after the inspector has seen them dropped into a live steam vat, arranged apparently to destroy the diseased beef, slipped go down through the bottomless vat, upon a wheeled truck on which they are swiftly carried off and packed with other beef for market.

THE WISDOM OF GEORGE DEWEY, ADMIRAL.

What Might Have Been Expected.

GEORGE DEWEY doesn't want any political office; not even the Presidency. He has refused absolutely to consider any proposition looking to his candidacy, and he wants it understood that his refusal is final. He has been repeatedly approached on the subject, and he has had but one reply for all comers—Not any for George.

To the correspondent of the New York Journal he said last week: "I have no desire for a political office. I am unfitted for it either in education or training. I am deeply grateful for many expressions of kindly sentiment from the American people, but I desire to retire in peace to the enjoyment of my old age. The navy is one profession, politics is another. I am too old to learn a new profession."

This is just what might have been expected from George Dewey. He is single-hearted in his devotion to the profession of his choice, and in which he has won undying fame. He has no political ambition. Not long ago he asked the President to send him a statesman. A man who had left his gun at home would be likely to run across flocks of statesmen inferior to George Dewey, but the Admiral doesn't see it in that light. He is convinced that he has no talent for statecraft, and, being so convinced, he does not want the Presidency.

This position of Admiral Dewey's will seem in explicable to some of our American statesmen, who will wonder if there isn't something the matter with George's brain.

His Answer Will Be Accepted.

(Springfield (Mass.) Spy.)

From what has been learned of the character of George Dewey since his brilliant victory at Manila on May day, his statement in closing an interview with a New York Journal correspondent, in which he declined to be considered as a Presidential candidate, that "This is final," will be accepted without question, for Admiral Dewey is firm and unyielding when he once reaches a decision.

The Admiral himself is the best judge as to whether he should allow politicians to push him

around. He is a man of high character, and he is a man of high ability. He is a man of high courage, and he is a man of high honor. He is a man of high integrity, and he is a man of high loyalty. He is a man of high wisdom, and he is a man of high strength. He is a man of high courage, and he is a man of high honor. He is a man of high integrity, and he is a man of high loyalty. He is a man of high wisdom, and he is a man of high strength.

War is a game; it is played as football is played, because men love it, love to play it, love to see others play it, love to read about it and talk about it and look at pictures of it. Like many other games, it is played for stakes, but nobody really cares very much for what profit may come of success—all think they care most for that, but what really engages their interest and enthusiasm is the blood-letting—just as in pugilism and bull fighting. Cloud the matter as we may with the coat of patriotism, humanity, promotion of commerce, or what you will, it is essentially and in the last analysis a sport. A battle is a prize fight in its logical form. The wish that the two sides may be nearly equal in order that each may "put up a good fight" is as righteous as the wish that the "event" may be "pulled off" at all. Of course, we want our favorites to be victorious; they are our countrymen, and some part of the glory and profit of success, or the humiliation and cost of defeat, will come to us as we sit at the ringside. We are backing our men to win, but in our secret hearts—away down in our sublimals,

FROM ATT'Y-GEN. MONNETT, WHO COULD NOT BE BRIBED.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, March 10.—To the Editor of the Journal—I feel highly gratified, and it is indeed a source of encouragement to me in my fight against monopolies that persist in violating the laws and defying the courts of the State, to have as an aid such a powerful ally as the New York Journal.

I have just completed some figures which show that the Standard Oil Company, by means of the monopoly it holds in the State of Ohio, makes a profit of two and one-half times the entire value of crops and farm products of the State, and I have the statement of the Secretary of State in his last report to back my assertion.

The sworn report for the Buckeye Pipe Line Company, filed with the State Excise Board, of which I am a member, showed as follows:

1896—Gross receipts for the year next preceding the first day of May, \$5,441,567.85.
For the year ending May, 1897, \$6,800,833.19.
A total of \$12,242,400.94.

The sworn testimony at Lima was that the uniform price was 20 cents a barrel, which would be five barrels to the dollar—that is, in the three years they were obliged to report under the law the Buckeye Pipe Company shipped the enormous quantity of 97,472,475 barrels of oil. They paid

a retailer to make any profit, and put men and wagons on the road in every village to get the last cent; so they keep up a monopoly from the rock to the lamp.

Instead of Ohio getting its portion of that \$380,000,000, it only gets the mere shaving or crumb. The bulk is poured into the lap of the millionaires of New York, or invested in Europe. As soon as Ohio is robbed of all this valuable resource, Ohio land owners and Ohio laborers will hold the ashes of a burnt-out volcano.

It is amusing—the ignorance on this subject that is manifested by some of the dopes that are being robbed of their Klondike wealth and are satisfied with the mere per cent of their true share thereof. I get threatening letters daily that I am driving capital out of the State. My effort is to keep capital in the State and give Ohio laborers and Ohio land owners their share of this \$380,000,000.

What would a farmer think if he were obliged to divide five-sixths of his wool and of his cattle and of his grain to have it produced, and then receive only about a third of the actual value for the fraction so left? We quarrel over a tariff on wool of a few cents, and hold political jollifications because we have won on a few cents a pound upon less than \$2,000,000 worth of wool in the State annually (as shown by the statistics), while here we give away without question \$200,000,000 as a clear profit. An oil man in Chicago, who has had thirty years' experience, estimates that over one-half the proceeds is net profit after every imaginable expense is paid, which would be \$200,000,000 profit they make out of Ohio alone. This could not endure for three months if the State would assert its rights and give its subjects the protection they are entitled to, as against this ugly hold-up.

I might further and more accurately illustrate the conditions from statistics in order to compare this enormous amount of money carried out of the State by the combination by giving you some of the statistics from the Secretary of State and Auditor's report of our farm products. The following is a fair estimate, as turned in in their tables for 1897, the last report I have at hand: Wool, \$2,500,000; cattle, \$12,000,000; sheep, \$4,000,000; hogs, \$4,000,000; corn, \$25,000,000; oats, \$5,500,000—a total of \$52,000,000.

In other words, the proceeds from farm products in gross were \$52,000,000, of which the profit was perhaps 5 per cent—from \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000—while the gross receipts from the oil industry from the above figures at hand would be in round numbers \$300,000,000 for three years, or \$100,000,000 for one year. Comparing gross receipts with gross receipts, the oil industry in value is more than two and a half times the entire farm products. Putting it on the net profit basis and making the farm profits 10 per cent net, which is double what they have made, would make it \$50,000,000, while the profits annually of the oil industry of Ohio alone have been seventy million. Or, still illustrating it further, how long would the American citizen stand if the Standard Oil magnates laid their heavy hand on every farmer and took without compensation the entire crop of wool, cattle, sheep, hogs, corn and oats?

The value of the products taken, about \$57,000,000, would be no more than the Standard Oil combination makes in clear profit every year from its business in Ohio alone. And when the Attorney-General, under the powers vested in him by the Constitution, brings the magnates before the highest tribunal of the State for their outrageous lawless and blinding their victims and holding indignation meetings. When you press them still harder, they claim the privilege of refusing to testify because their acts have criminalized them.

There is abundance of law, and the State has the power to wipe them off the face of the earth, and what we want is to get back again to the patriotic principles that our Government is founded upon, and to have the State protect the rights of the citizens instead of protecting the wrongs of the citizens.

FRANK S. MONNETT, Attorney-General.

THE WISDOM OF GEORGE DEWEY, ADMIRAL.

What Might Have Been Expected. (Binghamton Leader.)

GEORGE DEWEY doesn't want any political office; not even the Presidency. He has refused absolutely to consider any proposition looking to his candidacy, and he wants it understood that his refusal is final. He has been repeatedly approached on the subject, and he has had but one reply for all comers—Not any for George.

To the correspondent of the New York Journal he said last week: "I have no desire for a political office. I am unfitted for it either in education or training. I am deeply grateful for many expressions of kindly sentiment from the American people, but I desire to retire in peace to the enjoyment of my old age. The navy is one profession, politics is another. I am too old to learn a new profession."

This is just what might have been expected from George Dewey. He is single-hearted in his devotion to the profession of his choice, and in which he has won undying fame. He has no political ambition. Not long ago he asked the President to send him a statesman. A man who had left his gun at home would be likely to run across flocks of statesmen inferior to George Dewey, but the Admiral doesn't see it in that light. He is convinced that he has no talent for statecraft, and, being so convinced, he does not want the Presidency.

This position of Admiral Dewey's will seem in explicable to some of our American statesmen, who will wonder if there isn't something the matter with George's brain.

His Answer Will Be Accepted.

(Springfield (Mass.) Spy.)

From what has been learned of the character of George Dewey since his brilliant victory at Manila on May day, his statement in closing an interview with a New York Journal correspondent, in which he declined to be considered as a Presidential candidate, that "This is final," will be accepted without question, for Admiral Dewey is firm and unyielding when he once reaches a decision.

The Admiral himself is the best judge as to whether he should allow politicians to push him

around. He is a man of high character, and he is a man of high ability. He is a man of high courage, and he is a man of high honor. He is a man of high integrity, and he is a man of high loyalty. He is a man of high wisdom, and he is a man of high strength. He is a man of high courage, and he is a man of high honor. He is a man of high integrity, and he is a man of high loyalty. He is a man of high wisdom, and he is a man of high strength.

War is a game; it is played as football is played, because men love it, love to play it, love to see others play it, love to read about it and talk about it and look at pictures of it. Like many other games, it is played for stakes, but nobody really cares very much for what profit may come of success—all think they care most for that, but what really engages their interest and enthusiasm is the blood-letting—just as in pugilism and bull fighting. Cloud the matter as we may with the coat of patriotism, humanity, promotion of commerce, or what you will, it is essentially and in the last analysis a sport. A battle is a prize fight in its logical form. The wish that the two sides may be nearly equal in order that each may "put up a good fight" is as righteous as the wish that the "event" may be "pulled off" at all. Of course, we want our favorites to be victorious; they are our countrymen, and some part of the glory and profit of success, or the humiliation and cost of defeat, will come to us as we sit at the ringside. We are backing our men to win, but in our secret hearts—away down in our sublimals,

we are in chambers of silence we confine these thoughts that must never know the light, we keep, strait-jacketed and chained, a muttering disappointment that resents the facile triumphs of the American arms. We want harder fighting, more gore, a more nearly even allotment of death and destruction. With what gratification we count our dead and wounded in the great civil war; and to this day we point with pride to the totals. Who of us does not experience an honest, patriotic satisfaction when shown by irrefutable figures that Chickamauga was the bloodiest battle of modern times; that at Spotsylvania the trenches had repeatedly to be cleared of the dead, who at the close of the action lay, on both sides of a salient of the Confederate works, three and four deep; that a section of artillery there, in five minutes' fighting, lost all of its horses and twenty-one out of its twenty-three men, and so forth? Of this war we shall have no such tales to tell. When the soldiers that are fighting in it are in their anecdotal stage their grandchildren will not listen to them. "What, grandpa, you call that a battle? Why, there were only forty men killed!" And the veteran will sit himself more snugly into his chimney corner and say no more. Truly, this Filipino war is no better, as an entertainment, than that with Spain; and that was distinctly inferior to cholera and hardly more exciting than bullock plague.

COMMENTS ON THE JOURNAL INTERVIEW.

would be a tiro, and the strain of political strife would be unwelcome to his tastes; irritating and unsatisfactory even should success be its outcome.

Herein speak the cool sanity and eminent common sense of the man. The same qualities of clear vision, accurate judgment and calm decision that enabled him to gain one of the greatest naval victories of modern times and to grasp and control with skill, firmness and success, in the face of a multitude of difficulties, a situation fraught for his Government with perilous complications, show forth in his determination to remain in the navy.

While Dewey would no doubt make a most excellent President, his incumbency would create a vacancy in the branch of public service of which he is the head that would be hard to fill. Where he is he occupies a unique place in the hearts of his countrymen, their patriotic regard for him is unblurred by partisanship and unclouded by political strife.

Displayed His Good Sense.

(New Orleans States.)

Admiral Dewey displayed his good sense when he declared that politics was a profession for which he was unfitted, and he would rather be an officer of the navy of the United States than President, because in the former capacity he could be of better service to his country. He paid no attention to the talk about making him the next President until the wire-pullers and state-makers became so annoying that he was forced to make an explicit declaration to the effect that he would not accept a nomination for the Presidency if tendered.

Suggested by Dewey's Declination.

(Buffalo Express.)

Admiral Dewey's refusal to be drawn into politics will give him another lift in the estimation of his countrymen. His reasons for refusing are sound. But when he says, "The navy is one profession, politics is another," he suggests the question: "What is the use of being a politician?" Do our young men sufficiently distinguish this profession of politics from such a calling as the law or from such another popular calling as office seeking?

A TRANSIENT RECORD OF INDIVIDUAL OPINION.

where in chambers of silence we confine these thoughts that must never know the light, we keep, strait-jacketed and chained, a muttering disappointment that resents the facile triumphs of the American arms. We want harder fighting, more gore, a more nearly even allotment of death and destruction. With what gratification we count our dead and wounded in the great civil war; and to this day we point with pride to the totals. Who of us does not experience an honest, patriotic satisfaction when shown by irrefutable figures that Chickamauga was the bloodiest battle of modern times; that at Spotsylvania the trenches had repeatedly to be cleared of the dead, who at the close of the action lay, on both sides of a salient of the Confederate works, three and four deep; that a section of artillery there, in five minutes' fighting, lost all of its horses and twenty-one out of its twenty-three men, and so forth? Of this war we shall have no such tales to tell. When the soldiers that are fighting in it are in their anecdotal stage their grandchildren will not listen to them. "What, grandpa, you call that a battle? Why, there were only forty men killed!" And the veteran will sit himself more snugly into his chimney corner and say no more. Truly, this Filipino war is no better, as an entertainment, than that with Spain; and that was distinctly inferior to cholera and hardly more exciting than bullock plague.

we are in chambers of silence we confine these thoughts that must never know the light, we keep, strait-jacketed and chained, a muttering disappointment that resents the facile triumphs of the American arms. We want harder fighting, more gore, a more nearly even allotment of death and destruction. With what gratification we count our dead and wounded in the great civil war; and to this day we point with pride to the totals. Who of us does not experience an honest, patriotic satisfaction when shown by irrefutable figures that Chickamauga was the bloodiest battle of modern times; that at Spotsylvania the trenches had repeatedly to be cleared of the dead, who at the close of the action lay, on both sides of a salient of the Confederate works, three and four deep; that a section of artillery there, in five minutes' fighting, lost all of its horses and twenty-one out of its twenty-three men, and so forth? Of this war we shall have no such tales to tell. When the soldiers that are fighting in it are in their anecdotal stage their grandchildren will not listen to them. "What, grandpa, you call that a battle? Why, there were only forty men killed!" And the veteran will sit himself more snugly into his chimney corner and say no more. Truly, this Filipino war is no better, as an entertainment, than that with Spain; and that was distinctly inferior to cholera and hardly more exciting than bullock plague.